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MODERN ANECDOTE

OF THE

ANCIENT FAMILY

OF THE

Kinkvervankotfdarsprakengotchderns:

A T A L E

F O R

C H R I S T M A S 1779.

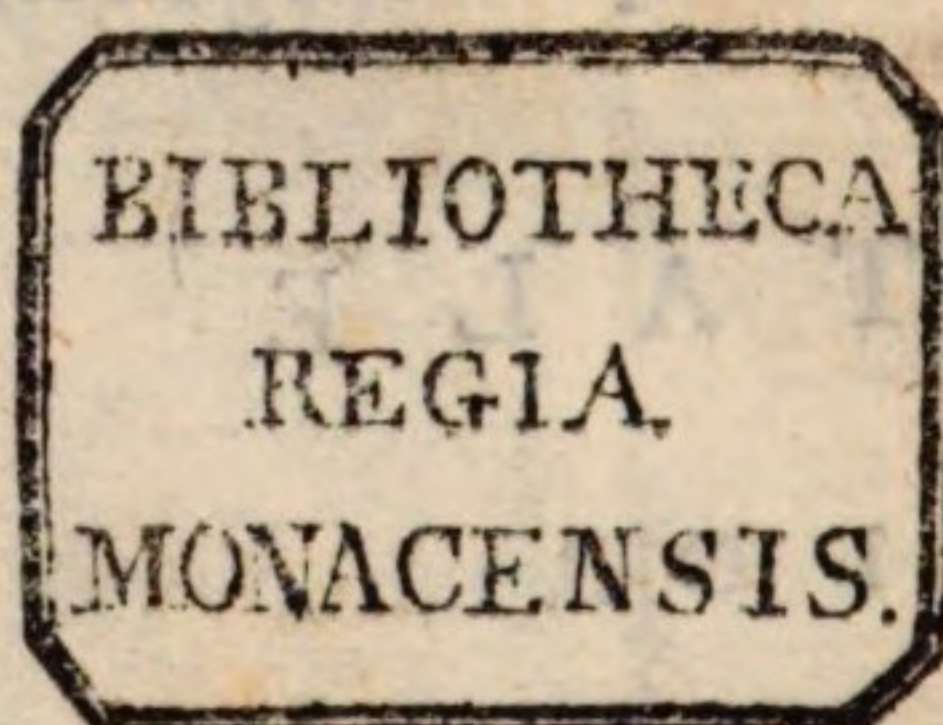
Dedicated to the Honorable

H O R A C E W A L P O L E.

T H E F I F T H E D I T I O N.

A N S P A C:

MDCCLXXXVII.



To the Honorable

HORACE WALPOLE.

AS I have not a wish to prevent any gentleman from disposing * of himself in the way he likes best, at this dismal season of the year, it is not to fill up those moments

* All gentlemen who *read*, are desired to observe, that the above Dedication is to serve as a Preface to the following Tale ; and the author wishes that all gentlemen, who do *not read*, may prefer the pastime of hanging themselves to that of perusing it.

DEDICATION.

of *Ennui* which tempt my countrymen to suicide, that I have ventured to give the following anecdote to the public; nor is it to try how my manner of telling a story will be received; much less is it because I like story-telling at all. But you, Sir, are generally about this time confined to your fire-side by an unwelcome visitor; and the friends it will permit you to see, come to tell you news, or, that there is nothing new under the Sun.

As

DEDICATION.

As times go, news is a disagreeable thing to hear; and to be told there is nothing new under the Sun, seems to me, in other words, to be telling one that one has lived too long. Now, I am one among many, that think *you* cannot live long enough; nor while you do live, have your time filled up according to your taste, unless you can now and then be entertained with a new book: and you have read all the authors that ever have written.

DEDICATION.

Among many foolish, but true things you have heard me say, I once expressed a wish to be learned, and acknowledged that I was *ignorance itself*; and to encourage that ignorance, you thus advised me: “*Despise what is called Learning, give a loose to your imagination, correct by your heart, and polish by your taste:*” and you added, “Most books are like pedigrees; the founder of a family is generally a genius, the descendants only serve to people the world.” The person to whom Mr. Walpole could say
that,

DEDICATION.

that, may venture to present him with this anecdote, which was prettily written in French, by a German Lady, who passed some time in England with the late Madam Poushkin Moushkin: but I confess I have added personages, supposed circumstances, and given descriptions, which I never heard or read of any where, but which presented themselves naturally to my mind, as I was writing out, by memory only, the anecdote, which was sent to a friend of mine by Mademoiselle Z——, soon after

DEDICATION.

she had left her country; perhaps you saw it: be that as it may, I flatter myself you will acknowledge my negligent stile, as an old acquaintance; and if it has thus exposed itself to the censure of the critical world, and in so doing, be accused of a presumption its merit cannot have inspired it with, I shall refer you to your own words; and then you must confess, that in blaming me, you would be to the full as unjust, as if you was to be shocked at my being drunk, supposing you had
drenched

DEDICATION.

drenched me with Champaigne :
however, if you pass by my intoxication in silence and neglect, I promise you never more to swallow any draughts of flattery from your hands: But if you tell me you have had more than one *Tete-à-Tete* with the Baron, I shall be quite satisfied that you look upon this little book, as an acceptable Christmas-box, from one who esteems it a particular honour to be called your friend.

November 30, 1779.

MODERN ANECDOTE.

PART I.

 IN the centre of Germany lived a Baron, the only male survivor and heir to the ancient family of the Kinkverankotfsdarfprakengotchderns, which respectable name has sunk with him into the grave.

His pedigree might have been valued by the ell, and vied in
antiquity

antiquity with some of the superb Welch, who trace their forefathers up to Adam, “who was the son of O;” meaning by that round O, the Supreme Being.

That my reader may not break his teeth by articulating the name of our Baron; nor my reader’s hearers the tympanum of their ears, by listening to its uncouth sound; we will call him only, the Baron.

The Baron then was, like most Barons in Germany, or elsewhere, where Barons exist, proud and poor:

not

not that he had manors to be proud of, or manners enough to squander away his pence; for he had neither land or money, more than would just serve to keep famine out of his castle.

His castle, indeed, boasted of more than only a door and windows; for the walls of his hall were hung from the cieling to the floor; his parlours were likewise hung; his bedchambers, and the closets belonging to them were hung; the garrets; nay, the very staircase was hung all over with family pictures.

Family

Family pictures! cries Mr. Grumblemore, a very interesting piece of news indeed; nay, good Mr. Grumblemore, replace the spectacles upon that short nose of yours, nor think the family pictures unnecessary, or useless in my narrative; for know, upon them depends the whole life of it; they are to be the occasion of all the grief, pleafantry, and joy in it. Nay, dear sir, keep on your two glass eyes, I beseech you, and proceed: and may your ancestors (if ancestors you have) serve your progeny (if progeny you have) as supporters in the day of trouble; may their number increase
their

their value ; may they be as a footstool to raise them up to joy.

Now, sir, as no Grumblemore ever liked a digression ; and the rotundity of your face , makes me think you like a pun ; by going patiently on to the end of the book, you will find this little digression is a pun. You hate a pun, say you : well then, sir, read this as an address to all the Grumblemores existing, and I will proceed in my narrative :

Excepting his chaplain, his daughter Cecil, and a distant relation of his
that

that passed the greatest part of the year with him; the Baron's family pictures were the only human faces he ever saw: therefore, they were not only his pride, but his comfort; as they constituted the greatest part of his society. We will leave him to revolve over in his own mind the heroic deeds and virtuous actions of this silent part of his company; and confine a description to the three living persons mentioned.

The curate of his parish, was dignified with the title of chaplain, because it was right that a Baron should
have

have one, to read prayers on a Sunday morning in the chapel of the castle, and say grace over the beef and fourcroust at dinner. This chaplain knew all the duties of one, and eat, and said Amen to every dish the Baron made him taste of, with a sacerdotal benignity. The Baron's toasts, indeed, did not cost him much to swallow; for listening patiently to the merits of the ancestors, who stared on canvas round the room, was all that was required of him.

The distant relation, was a man who had served with some degree of repu-

B

tation

tation in the army, in the younger part of his life: but finding, that in his country, as in every other, interest promotes faster than merit; he had at five and thirty fold his commission, and given himself up to shooting all day at beasts and birds, instead of men; and reading all night, the wonderful romances of ancient chivalry, till he had almost persuaded himself that he was an unfortunate Knight, frowned on by the lady of his heart, with the same degree of cruelty that Dame Fortune had treated him with. Numberless were the castles he had built about this fair damsel; and

when

when he slept, her charms presented themselves to his mind: nor were his hopes (if unrequited love can hope) so very romantic; as his passion had for its object the Baron's daughter, who neither frowned nor smiled upon him. There was no chance, indeed, that any nobleman would marry her, as then the German nobility, like all other in Europe, for reasons best known to themselves, preferred a long purse to a long pedigree. The Baron was an exception to this modern way of thinking, and would not have consented to his own daughter's contaminating her blood with one more ignobly born

than herself; for these good reasons, and some calculations more relative to the flesh than the high spirit of his cousin the Baron, Hogresten (for that was his name) imagined that a time would come, when Cecil would chuse to have a husband; and that he might wear that happy title, he spared no attentions, no respects, nor gallantries, such as he read of, practised in the days of knight-errantry, and that he could afford, to win in silence the heart of the young and beauteous Cecil; whose words melted; whose looks burned; whose manner, innocently-tender, inspired love; and yet
whose

whose malicious vivacity awed unconsciously the rising flame.

Venus should lend a feather from the wing of one of her favourite doves, to make a pen worthy of tracing Cecil's figure. Nay! the goddess herself *should* dictate a new language to express her countenance. But as that *should*, with many others, is impossible, in humble mortal strain I must describe her.

Cecil was above the common size of women; but her limbs were so delicately turned, her proportions were so just, that whoever saw her

refused to use the word *tall* in describing, or thinking of her; though in fact she was so.

She had very blue eyes, which are very uncommon things; as most blue eyes, so called, are grey. But these were blue; just two shades deeper than the beauteous canopy of heaven. When she smiled, which was often, those eyes were lost under a pair of deep-fringed eye-lids. Her eyebrows arched, were of the same colour as her eye-lids, the darkest brown. Her forehead was low, and whiter than alabaster; ornamented with a quantity of hair
that

that was almost fair, which covered her head in such profusion, that it hung below her knees. Her nose was small, though high, and rather prominent. Her cheeks might have been suspected of art in the colouring, if nature had not proved the transparency of it, by having diffused about half a dozen freckles under each eye. Ten little dimples played about a mouth, which a fine set of small teeth made more beautiful than was quite necessary; as her mouth was small, and seldom shewed them. Cecil, with this person, was but nineteen years old. She had been from the age of fourteen

(when her mother died; and dying, desired she might be finished in her education in a convent at Paris) taught all the graces that art can improve talents with.

She danced, she sung, she played upon the harp like a muse. And the natural gaiety of her heart made her support, without a sigh, for six months, the silent spectators of her amusements. For the Baron, Hogresten, and the Curate, neither partook of, nor applauded her talents. The first through fear, the second ditto, and the third ditto. Likewise, the Baron was afraid

she

she would prefer talents to birth;—
 Hogresten was afraid she should prefer them to him;—and the curate was afraid of saying what he thought about them, if ever he thought about them at all, which I doubt. How long she would have borne patiently, and without *Ennui*, the society of three persons, who seemed to be no more animated with what animated her, than the ancestors in effigy were, I cannot possibly guess; if the arrival of some unexpected visitors at the castle had not entirely deranged the whole proceedings of its inhabitants.

Why the castle had visitors at all, I must inform my reader, by telling him some anecdotes concerning Cecil's mother, the effect of whose good qualities lasted beyond the grave. For, though an amiable Baronefs, she boasted of a friend, one who had been such to her from her earliest days. Cecil's mother had been brought up in a convent in France, far from the presence of a rigid father, who only saw her at fifteen years old, to order her to marry the Baron; who took her without a fortune, because she was well born. She consented to be married, because she knew not what being

married

married was: which is the reason why nine married ladies out of ten are so; particularly young ones. Pray, reader, ask your wife if this is not true; for I would not have my amiable Baronefs appear less reasonable than the rest of her sex.

But to return: The only thing she was sorry to quit in the convent, was her playfellow Maria; who fondly put her arms round her neck, and said, “Madame la Baronne will forget me!” “Oh! never, never, my sweet Maria.” With mutual assurances of affection, they parted; and the Baronefs gave a
com-

commission to Maria, to make proper compliments to all the convent, and her visitors. She had but few indeed of these, her relations being the only persons her father permitted her to see. Among them was a young officer, the son of a rich farmer-general; he was taught to look upon his young cousin as a superior being in point of rank: but his heart acknowledged a more powerful superiority, which the Baroness's eyes had involuntarily gained over his heart.

They sung, they laughed, and talked many an hour away through the grate,
before

before they were old enough to distinguish what irresistible power brought the young cousin so often to the parlour. Maria, who was always a partaker in their innocent mirth, thought indeed she saw some fire warmer than that of consanguinity alone, flash from the eyes of Captain Franzel, who was running the risk of his first campaign when his cousin was married. At his return, he flew to the beloved grate: Maria alone came to receive him. The curiosity natural to girls, prompted her to watch his face when she abruptly told him of his cousin's new title.

Married

Married ! married !—was all he could say for some time. His passion, which absence had increased, agitated him so violently, that Maria's gentle heart run over through her eyes ; and she said, " Alas ! you are mad." He snatched her hand through the grate, and kissing it, asked her in pity to tell him, what said the Baronefs. Two hours were spent that day, in talking over the virtues of the last companion. He returned again and again ; and Maria and him grew so interested in one another's conversation, that they agreed to marry at last, that they might comfort one another for their

mutual

mutual loss. And, perhaps, they were the only couple who could boast after an union of many years, that their conversation never became insipid. Nor is it, dear ladies, so bad a method to pursue, in order to possess the confidence and esteem of your husbands, to make them believe you can content yourselves with seeing them in love with another object.

Beside possessing their confidence and esteem, you give them no temptation to deceive you; and you keep that horrid fiend Jealousy from sowing dissention between you. But, I believe,

lieve, it is my philanthropy that made all these reflections for Maria; who, Maria no longer, but Madame Franzel now, was one of those happy compositions, made up of tenderness and humility; but who never reflected upon those virtues at all. She was satisfied with holding the second place in her husband's heart; she was of so cheerful a disposition, that whatever misfortune happened, she could find a comfort near it.

Her husband died about thirteen years after they had lived together in harmony, leaving her an only son.

About

About this time her friend, the Baronefs, wrote to her to borrow some money, which her husband was too proud to own he wanted. The year following, ſhe died, leaving her picture to Madame Franzel, and a charge to her to watch that her only daughter's happineſs ſhould not be ſacrificed to Family Pride.

Madam Franzel had viſited the young Cecil conſtantly, while ſhe remained in her convent at Paris ; and had often related to her the hiſtory of her husband's paſſion for her mother ; ſhewing her, with her accuſtomed vivacity, the Baroneſs's picture, which ſhe

C

wore

wore on one wrist, and Captain Franzel's on the other; saying, "See how well matched they were as to beauty:" and, added she often, "I cannot think both my friends in the grave, while my son lives, and you are in being."

This son she had just purchased a pair of colours for, as she was determined he should be like his father in every thing. When the Baron had kept his daughter in his castle about six months, as we have said before, Madame Franzel thought it high time to see what the young Cecil thought of it: and, therefore, sent a servant with

with a note , to inform the Baron, that she should stay two or three days there, in her way to a place where she was—not going to. There are certainly such sensations as pre-sentiments: for the arrival of this note, made the Baron walk half a dozen times up and down the room, he knew not why; made Hogresten sigh three times as loud and as often as he usually did; and made the pretty Cecil think what gown she should receive Madame Franzel in; or, rather, which of her gowns became her best. We will leave the Baron to answer the note; Hogresten to decide why he sighed so loud; and

Cecil, why she thought about her dress at all, who never had bestowed half a thought on it before.

We will leave them, I say, for one night, while I employ it in recollecting the second part of this interesting anecdote; which I protest, gentle, or ungente reader, may be a plagiarism as to facts; but as to stile, the careless inattention with which I relate, may prove its originality.

End of the First Part.

MODERN

(22)

MODERN ANECDOTE.

PART II.

CEICL was combing and arranging her beautiful hair, when, at nine o'clock in the morning, her door opened, and she found herself almost smothered with kisses in the arms of Madame Franzel, who with great judgment took her by surprize. And Cecil never felt any confusion at being caught in her *peignoir*, till, in raising her head

from the fat neck of her friend, she saw behind her a young officer, whose uncommon beauty left her no doubt of his name : if I could with a pen draw the picture of joy and health together, I would describe young Franzel. But I shall content myself with saying, that the mother's hilarity, and the father's beauty, joined together in his happy frame, made him an object of love and admiration, to every human being : what then were Cecil's feelings ? Cecil, who had never seen a young man, much less a handsome one ; and that one looking in to her heart already.

If

If my reader cries, *psshaw*, or *stuff*, or *nonsense*; I pity him: there is such a thing as love at first sight. And if he goes through the whole book with those *pschaws*, and *stuffs*, and *nonsenses*; may he never feel it.

Madame Franzel laughed exceedingly at Cecil's countenance, and turning about, presented her to her son, who then looked down, and felt awed by the presence of a beautiful young woman, for the first time in his life; while Cecil blushed, and stammered out a few nonsensical words. By this time the Baron arrived in Cecil's room, and

made some speeches, which were not of the most gracious kind; for though he was not a reflecter upon causes and effects, he thought Madame Franzel came to dun him at least: and his presentiments made him look at young Franzel with eyes that would have frightened any other young man. The Baron handed Madame Franzel into her apartment, where he left her with her son, whom she kissed on both cheeks, as was her custom when she was more pleased than usual. And Cecil, and Cecil, said she, and Cecil, hey!

“ Yes,

“Yes, my dear mother,” cried young Franzel; and Cecil, repeated he three times. By the time they had got into the drawing-room, where a servant had told them the breakfast waited their presence, the mother and son understood one another perfectly; though before that moment Madame Franzel had never mentioned Cecil to him. — Full of the most rose-coloured thoughts did these two persons and Cecil eat their breakfasts; while the Baron and Hogresten’s countenances displayed a contrast to theirs, which amused Madame Franzel, who, though no Philosopher, could read into the soul.

Young Franzel, after the first half hour, resumed his natural gaiety; and the fits of laughter which seized him at the redoubled attentions and formal assiduity of Hogresten to Cecil, discomposed the gravity and usual solemnity of the whole day. The Baron stared; Hogresten frowned: but things went on tolerably well, till the Baron, at dinner, assured Madame Franzel that all those pictures were originals: young Franzel said, he did not doubt but they were *Originals*. The stress he laid upon this word, and the look he gave to Cecil, who did not let a syllable he uttered escape her, made his mother

mother laugh, Cecil bite her lips, and Hogresten cry, Hey! The Baron drew up and muttered the word Puppy between his teeth. In the evening, music softened all things, and the Baron smiled; till Cecil had so often made young Franzel repeat one song (for he sung) that the Baron thought it high time to call for candles, to go to bed.

Young Franzel had had many Mistresses, but they were of that kind that hung themselves at his head; therefore, as Cecil's charms kept him awake all night, he lay ruminating how he should disclose his passion for her: Love is
fearful;

fearful; and, for the first time in his life, he was afraid.

At breakfast, he told her he would write out the song she desired. "I desire," said she, "did I desire?"

"Oh ! yes;" replied his mother, taking Cecil under the arm, "that song he sung last night:" and drawing her out of the room, she walked with her till it was time to dress for dinner; when she took her up into her bed-chamber, and desired her to arrange her hair; which Cecil did with a grace and neatness peculiar to herself. Young

Franzel

Franzel was writing out, in his mother's anti-room, the song, and whatever else he pleased. When Cecil came to pass through that room, to go into her own, he had not quite finished, he said, and desired her to sit down; which she did, to wait till he had done. He soon approached her with the paper he had been writing upon, and coming up close to her, he dropt down on one knee; she laughing, took the paper, and saw it covered from one end to the other with these words, *Iris je vous adore.*

She would have remained with her eyes fixt on the paper till doom's-day,
if

if young Franzel had not snatched it away; and putting one hand round her waist, with the most impassioned gesture, he said, *Oui, je vous adore*. She stooped to lift him from the ground; but her confusion was so great, that her head rested upon his shoulder: and how long they might have remained in this attitude, or how short a time, the god of love alone can tell, if Madame Franzel had not come in. Cecil flung herself into her arms, to hide her blushes. Madame Franzel's ideas, as to matrimony, were so truly like her figure, comfortable! that she thought Cecil's inclination of more consequence
to

to be consulted , than the Baron's.
 “ Well , my love , said she , will you
 be my daughter ? ” Young Franzel,
 by this time , had got behind his mother,
 where he had kneeled down, and
 seized one of Cecil's hands, which he
 was devouring ; when the door of the
 anti-room opened , and Hogresten appeared,
 to the no small surprize of the
 happy groupe.

Madame Franzel, turning round, saw
 him. “ Well , Sir ! ” said she. “ Well
 Madam ! ” he replied : but pulling off
 his hat , he added , “ I disturb you,
 no doubt ; ” and then disappeared.

If

If it was the art of war, or pre-sentiment before mentioned, I know not : but certain it is, Hogresten had something within him that told him, Madame Franzel meant to take Cecil's heart by surprise; to prevent which, he had been strolling, like a discontented spirit as he was, all the morning about the castle, watching for an opportunity to speak to her: he had seen her go into her friend's apartment. His uneasiness increasing by young Franzel's going there too, it broke through all his prudence, and he bounced into the room, and out of it, as I have described. As soon as he was gone, Madame Franzel informed

informed the young people, that she was determined to speak to the Baron about them, before her departure the next day.

That one was passed in a manner, which I leave young and happy lovers to guess. And, although the time and circumstances did not permit them to be alone together, the evening's walk, which was prolonged by the mother, gave young Franzel the opportunity of offering his arm to Cecil, who leaned upon it, notwithstanding two terrible eyes as large as saucers, which Hogre-
sten rolled at her, in spite of all Madame

D

Franzel

Franzel did to keep his head in its right place ; her *Embonpoint* giving her a good excuse to plead the want of the Baron and Hogresten's support on each side. It was almost dark when they returned to the castle ; and it is recorded by a crow, who was perched upon the top of one of the largest trees in the avenue, that young Franzel gave Cecil a kiss behind it. Be that as it would, his looks and her's caused such uneasiness to Hogresten all the rest of the evening, that he was determined not to go to bed at all, but watch Cecil ; who, innocent as the new-fledged dove, little dreamed how many

many

many persons would sit up on her account that night. Young Franzel passed the beginning of it in his mother's room, raving to her of Cecil. Hogresten walked under Cecil's window for some hours ; and, seeing a light through it, he first questioned the old housekeeper, what Cecil did when she left her. The * housekeeper informed him, that Cecil was sitting up reading in her bed-gown. Cecil, in

* The Baron's housekeeper was dignified with nearly as many titles as were contained in her master's Barony. She was called Cook, Steward, Dairy-maid, and Cecil's Waiting-Woman, by turns.

fact, agitated in a manner new to her, was determined to read, as she could not sleep. It was a very hot night; and she left windows and doors open. The door, indeed, of her anti-room, which gave into the gallery, was shut.

While Hogresten was walking in the true Knight-lover stile, with arms across, looking up at the light in Cecil's room, young Franzel passed through the gallery, to go from his mother's room into his own; but being quite lost in thought, he mistook his way, and passing through Cecil's anti-room
into

into her bed-chamber, was surprized to see her sitting, with her head resting on one hand; a book lay open upon the table before her; her eyes, it is true, were fixed upon it, but lost in thought; one single leaf which she had never turned over, served to represent the words, the looks, nay, the very person of young Franzel. Surprise deprived her of speech when she beheld the living object of her thoughts. I have before said, that Cecil had never seen a young man; therefore, be not offended, Prudes, if she did not know, that it was proper to have fainted or shrieked at the ap-

proach of her lover;—who, impetuous naturally, placed the candle he had in his hand on the table, and very soon taught Cecil every thing that had passed in his mind since the first moment he saw her. What signs or figures he made use of, to convey all his knowledge to her, I know not: certain it is, that the hours appeared to this young couple as moments; while Hogresten, who through the window saw Cecil's room more illuminated than before;—“Sweet maid, said he, she has an additional light; probably has begun a new chapter:” little dreaming, what the chapter of accidents

accidents had brought about. The Baron sat up that night, writing an abridgment of his pedigree, to reduce it into the size of a small pocket volume, which he intended that Cecil should always carry about her, as a charm against ignoble connections or acquaintances.

Day-light, which was just beginning to appear, put an end to the different occupations of these sleepless personages. The Baron, with difficulty, tore himself from his beloved ancestors; Hogresten unwillingly quitted his reveries; and young Franzel, more

reluctantly than either, quitted Cecil's chamber, and crossing the gallery he run against Hogresten, who was crossing it likewise, to go into his own room.

Young Franzel's breast was too full of some other passions to admit of fear; so without stopping to distinguish who, or indeed caring who it was, that he had almost overset, he arrived in his room. But Hogresten looked at him, and after him for some minutes: indeed, well he might; for had not the rude shock he received from Franzel, by running against him, convinced him,

him, that he was not an immaterial being, the young man's disordered figure, and hasty steps all together, proved that he was far from being a dissatisfied ghost.

One species of jealousy is enough to torture a man; therefore, one cannot be surpris'd that Hogresten, whose breast was torn by many, pass'd all the rest of the morning revolving in his mind what he should do; he had not at seven o'clock decided, if he should let the Baron or Cecil first know his suspicions and wishes; nor ceased striding

up and down the fatal gallery, imploring with his eyes all the ancestors around : when the Baron, who intended to lay his commands upon Cecil, as to her mode of parting with her company, appeared ; he, with only a nod of approbation, saluted Hogresten, whom he was very well pleased to find, as he thought, examining the much loved faces of his forefathers ; little dreamed he, that his cousin's mind ran not on ancestors, but descendants. We have already said, the Baron was no great observer ; therefore, it is no wonder that he did not take notice, that there was something more than usual

usual in his cousin's countenance, and something less in his daughter's. That morning Cecil's fine eyes were not open when her father came into her room ; he seated himself by her bedside, and began a long harangue upon the distance she ought to keep certain ranks of people at. Could the Baron have read her tell-tale countenance, he might have seen, that fear was her first sensation ; and that all her looks, after what was past, said, *Moutarde après diner* , whenever he mentioned the word Distance. We will leave him to finish his ill-timed sermon, and take Madame Franzel out of bed, who had

slept

slept all night, as is customary to those
 who are well covered by nature: she
 was some time before she came out of
 her apartment, as she had to arrange
 a much more difficult thing than her
 clothes before her departure; for well
 she knew the Baron's family pride.
 And though her son could boast of
 a grandfather, that grandfather was a
 farmer-general; and any thing that
 favored of finance, she knew the Baron
 would object to. But she summoned
 up all her courage, and invoking
 the gentle spirits of her departed
 friends, and giving their faces both a
 kiss-a-piece as she fastened her brace-
 lets,

lets, she sallied forth to breakfast, where she found Hogresten, whose undecided countenance still remained; she, with her more than usual smiles, asked him, "If he did not think Cecil and her son very well suited to each other." He was confounded at what he thought her impudence, and answered very gravely, that "The Baron was the best judge." "Not at all," replied Madame Franzel; "parents are partial judges: but, I hope, the whole world will see how perfectly they are matched. I wonder, sir! said she, if they have dreamed of one another." The more Madame Franzel

went

went on with her good-humoured reflections, the more astonished Hogresten was ; for almost every thing she said , appeared to him as a double entendre, as he suspected that her son had passed the night in Cecil's room, and imagined he was sure of it. He then thought she intended to encourage a *tendre* in him for herself ; and the rectitude of honor prompted him to confess , that his heart was pre-engaged. Ten thousand romantic notions crowded upon his mind ; and he was preparing to make her a long speech, while she was waiting for his answers. I would hold up, had I time,

Hogres-

Hogresten's indignation , as a good lesson for all my friends, to teach them not to fly too much from society ; for imagination in solitude becomes a magnifying glass, and represents common occurrences in such a light, that a person who has lived in society, conversing with one who has associated only with books, appears as a composition of levity and in consequence. Poor Madame Franzel little thought that Hogresten was shocked by what he thought the indecency of her conversation : she was indeed surprised at his looks, and meant to have asked the meaning of them, and his silence ;

but

but her son's flying into the room, with more than his usual spirits, put an end to the *Tête-à-Tête*. He had not been long there before the Baron came, and soon after Cecil, who turned pale as she sat down, at hearing Madame Franzel's coach drive up to the door, I leave to those who love to recollect their first passion, to imagine what Cecil felt, who had been surprised into her's, and had experienced all its most pleasing effects; and knew, from her father's discourse, that in all probability, when that coach went away from his door, every thing

dear

dear and delightful would be conveyed away in it, perhaps never to be within her reach again. I leave all her painful ideas to be imagined, and shall only say, she never dared look young Franzel in the face during the whole breakfast: her father thought it was through obedience; Madame Franzel thought it modesty; her son was sure of it, and so am I too.

Madame Franzel shortened the breakfast as much as possible, to the no small satisfaction of all parties: the Baron longed to see his company depart; Madame Franzel to speak in

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private

private to him ; her son to his mistress : and the various wishes and fears of the whole party, made the breakfast as stupid as possible. Madame Franzel begged to pass into another room with the Baron ; and Franzel and Cecil walked up to the window together, where we will leave them looking a language, which eyes alone can speak ; and follow the Baron, who expecting to be asked for money, drew a chair civilly towards Madame Franzel, and desired her to be seated, as is the custom, I am told, from a debtor to his creditor. She with a careless ease peculiar to herself proposed the union between the two
young

young people. Provoked at her manner, as much as at her proposal, the Baron said hastily, "Mention it no more, Madam, the thing is impossible."

"Impossible, Sir! what reasons can you have to alledge?"

"Reasons! reasons! (repeated the Baron, loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room) reasons, I have five hundred at least." "Five hundred, Sir!"

"Yes, Madam; and lest you doubt them, I will shew you a few of them."

Now , if I had the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his method of using it, I would draw the figure of the Baron, who, with a bitter smile upon his countenance, moved a few paces back, and drew himself up in an exact posture; and with his left hand stuck upon his hip, displayed his right hand, waving it round, pointing to the pictures of his ancestors. After a long pause, which only made Madame Franzel stare at him : “There, there, Madam!” — “Are these your reasons, Sir?” said she. “Yes, Madam,” he replied, enraged at her placid smile : “Yes, Madam; and
 heaven

heaven forbid my daughter should make my ancestors blush by her disgracing them."

"I dare say, Sir," said Madame Franzel, whose sense by this time told her there were no hopes, "I dare say those gentlemen and ladies would not be sorry that their grand-daughter should be able to wash their faces with some of a farmer-general's soap: however, I take my leave of them," said she, curtsying all round, "Come Baron," added she, recollecting herself, "let us still be friends, time may alter your way of thinking." "Oh!

never, never, Madam," said he, shaking with anger the hand he had taken ;
 "I wish you a good journey, hope you will have fine weather, &c. &c. &c. With these compliments they walked up to the young people, who had, I suppose, agreed better in their conversation : Madame Franzel kissed Cecil, who returned her kisses with a truly filial sorrow ; and who kept her eyes fixed on the coach till she could see it no more : nor dared she take a parting look at young Franzel, lest the tears that stood trembling on her eye-lids, should force their way down her cheeks.

When

When they were gone, and many hours were passed, Cecil experienced a surprise unknown to her before; she felt giddy with the rapidity, with which love, its consequences, and the loss of her universe, had followed each other.

Justly may I say her universe; yes, her soul: for young Franzel employed every corner of her heart; and his idea was become the principle of her existence. Therefore, when, upon recollection, she was sure he was gone, a horrible stillness seemed to reign around, and she became nearly as

inanimate as one of the canvas-ancestors ! It was not ill after supper was over, that she was roused from this situation, by her father's asking her and Hogresten to guess, if possible, what proposal Madame Franzel had made to him before her departure: they both answered they could not tell, though they both more than doubted of what was coming. The Baron enlarged, and expatiated upon the insolence of such a proposal, while Cecil blushed and sighed by turns.

Two days after, Madame Franzel wrote to Cecil, who unfortunately received

ceived the letter at dinner; not that Madame Franzel meant that her letter should have been a mystery; but her son had inclosed in it a note, which the Baron perceived, and insisted on reading together with the letter. The note was as follows:

“My lovely Cecil, I find by what my mother tells me, that your father has refused his consent to our union: but as you are mine by all the most heavenly ties, you will find out a way of coming to

Your most passionate
and faithful

FREDERIC FRANZEL.”

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“P. S.

“ P. S. Consult my mother, she is our best friend : command , and I obey.”

I have already said that young Franzel's character was impetuous, sincere, and open too : he could form no scheme, but he looked upon Cecil as his wife ; and if his first letter was laconic, at least it was to the purpose. The Baron's rage was not to be described. The heavenly ties, made him imagine they were married privately.—Where! how! by whom! where! these were the only words he uttered for some time ; while Cecil

sat

fat petrified with fear. And Hogresten then thought it a lucky moment to ingratiate himself into her favour. "Retire, fair creature!" said he, raising her from her seat; "retire into your chamber, while I unravel this mystery." She hurried away, but wondered how he could unravel it.

Hogresten doubted now no more that his suspicions were true; and he passed several hours with the Baron, sighing, lamenting, execrating his stars, that he but too well knew the meaning of the ties young Franzel mentioned. "And, dear Sir, added he
artfully,

artfully, so much have I the honor of my family at heart, that I am ready to take her, and——.” Here the Baron, who still thought she was married to young Franzel, made him enter into a detail of that fatal night. And, strange to tell, his family pride was a little comforted, by finding that the *ties* which had alarmed him so much, were not sacred, though heavenly: and he thought young Franzel’s wearing his daughter’s favours, did not signify, so as she did not wear his name.

He embraced his generous cousin who would marry his daughter; and,
I be-

I believe, they were the only two men existing, who were glad that their young female relation should not be married to a man who had passed the night in her room.

Hogresten sent the old house-keeper the next day, to ask an audience of Cecil. He took uncommon pains at his toilet; his nine hairs of a side were curled; nay, they were powdered too: he drew a pair of silk stockings on two legs that had no calves to them; and a smile upon a face that had no dimples or cheeks to boast of.

Alas!

Alas! poor man, he little dreamed that his stars were as cross-grained in love, as in war! by the rules of which, or those of chivalry, he carried on all his operations: therefore, to frighten Cecil first, and then make his own terms, he without hesitation told her, that her father knew that young Franzel had passed the night in her room. A moment's reflection convinced her that was not true; love inspired her with courage, and brought back her usual flow of spirits: she, therefore, ironically, only said, "Aye, indeed, upon my word;" and like interjections, as he paused now and then:

for

for though he had made a speech, her looks, which were arch and malicious, deranged it very much. He ended all he had to say, by flinging himself prostrate at her feet; she arose, and tripping as light as air to the door, which she held open, she looked back and said, "I am exceedingly obliged to you, for telling me that you will protect my honour, which in the same breath you inform me I have lost; but I have lent it for a little time, to the only person I shall ever trust it with, so adieu, generous cousin."

Her

Her father had listened at the door to all their conversation; and her last words exasperated him so highly, that he led her by the hand into an adjoining room, which he told her should be her prison till she consented to be Madame Hogresten.

This was a large room that had only two windows, which were so near the ceiling, that it was impossible for any one to reach them, even by getting upon the chairs or tables: Cecil, hearing her father turn the key, sighed heavily upon looking up at these windows, and in her heart reproached all

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the ancestors which, as usual, covered the whole sides of the room; "Horrid wretches, said she, it is for your sakes I am thus treated." The next day being Sunday, the curate dined at the castle, to whom the Baron complained of his daughter's obstinacy: the curate said, "He thought piety might work a proper effect:" the Baron desired him to try. When Cecil saw him, she very cleverly thought of a stratagem to make him her friend; she assured him she was married to young Franzel; and that, if he would prevent murder, he would convey a letter to him, and not disclose the marriage to her father.

The curate thinking that no part of Scripture should be unfulfilled (and I beg my reader will just look over that part of it relative to matrimony, as I have not time to transcribe it) conveyed the letter to young Franzel, who, in his usual impetuous way, answered, that he should, after such a night, naming it, pass every succeeding one in waiting round the castle, or under the windows of the room she was locked up in, and receive her in his arms, "the only place," added he in his letter, "where you can be safe from persecution." That is very true, thought the young Cecil, as she read those

those words: but how to get there, is the dilemma. She begged to speak with the curate, whom she desired to shew young Franzel, who was on the outside of the castle, the two unfortunate windows, "which, said she, my good father, I see no possibility of reaching: if once I could get at them, the terrace on the outside comes up so high, that I could jump down without hurting myself." The curate with a truly clerical prudence assured her, that, though he would shew her husband the windows from the outside, he could by no means aid or assist her reaching them

on the inside; his conscience* not permitting him to incur the Baron's anger. Cecil again, before he quitted her, made him promise to execute that part of his commission that would not offend his conscience.

When every thing was still in the house, she tried to heap the chairs upon the table, the bed-clothes upon them; but all would not do to reach half way up this horrid room, which

* This German curate had probably the same kind of conscience that the Paris shopkeepers have,—applied to every thing, and stretching to fit every thing.

was

was so high, that she despaired ever getting up to the windows. She went to bed at last, and wept herself to sleep: she dreamed of her lover, and that all the pictures in the room fell down: she waked thinking of them; and drawing aside her curtains, she looked earnestly at them for some time. At last, with much ruminating and reflection, still looking by turns at the windows and the pictures, a thought struck her: she arose, sent for the Baron, and told him, that she could not bear to see her honoured parents so neglected: "Observe, Sir, said she, how the dust hides the respectable faces of those that hang

uppermost: might I be permitted a ladder to take them down, and have a little soap and water to clean them with?" If it was the word Soap that was disagreeable to the Baron's ear, or that it brought to his mind Madame Franzel; Madame Franzel, her son; and her son, the ladder; I know not: but he hesitated some time, and then consented. He brought the ladder himself in; he mounted it, and took down above fifty parents armed and not armed, of all ages and titles; and as he took them down, he ranged them according to their descent upon the floor against the wall, all round the room,

room. Delightful occupation ! He grew an inch taller at every great action he recited : for he told the history of each of their lives separately to Cecil, who listened with complacency : only the Baron observed, that her eyes were often turned towards the windows, which, as there was no view out of them, made him strongly suspect she had the ladder in view too. The evening surprised them in their occupations. Hogresten came to partake of the amusement, and inform the Baron, that dinner had waited a long time. The Baron, after having ordered the ladder out of the room,

F 4 quitted

quitted it, saying, "I shall return to see the progress of your work, Cecil: and may your occupation remind you of your exalted birth: and may these respectable personages teach you your duty." "I intend they shall be my aid and support in future, indeed," replied she.

As soon as the Baron was gone, Cecil, still locked in, washed several more of her ancestors faces: "Ah! cried she every now and then, Grim Gentry, who have been the cause of so many a tear, you shall once in my life make up to me for all the sorrow you have occasioned."

Soon

Soon after dinner, the Baron returned with the ladder, which he took great care to have conveyed out at night again; though on purpose to confirm his suspicions, she desired it might remain.

She could not refuse herself the malicious pleasure that evening, of encouraging Hogresten's awkward addresses; she promised her father to marry him. She was all gaiety, though every now and then, the Baron suspected a little, and Hogresten much more, that she was diverting herself at the expence of all her relations,

both dead and living : at last, night came ; she permitted Hogresten to kiss her hand, and said, as her father went out, “that she was not at all afraid of sleeping in so large a room, with so much good company,” pointing to the pictures : locked in, she waited till she thought every one asleep ; then flew to her honoured ancestors, and without regard to precedence , or decency, she heaped grandfathers on grandmothers ; knights on old maiden aunts ; the cousins bearing armour on the cousins bearing distaffs. In her hurry, indeed, now and then, she subverted the order of things ; she made by turns,

the

the ladies support the gentlemen, and the gentlemen the ladies; here a father's head rested on a daughter's feet: there a mother's face met a son's buskins; sharp-pointed slippers rubbed against flowing perukes; coifs and pinnners were joined to long-necked spurs.—In short, heads and tails were jumbled together, and parts never intended by nature or good manners to meet, kissed each other. Thus, one by one, the noble family, as fast as she could heap them upon each other, made a pile which reached to the windows: “*Adieu Messieurs et Mesdames,*” said she, as she sprung out of the window

dow

dow into her handsome Frederic's arms; where we will leave her. Can we dispose of her better?

In the morning, the Baron came into the fatal room, where he saw by the pile of canvas, and the mark of Cecil's small heel, that had pierced through the once bright eye of a German aunt and countess.—He saw, I say, that Cecil's ancestors had indeed been, as she promised, her aid. Rage took from him the power of speech for some hours; but a little time, made him return to all the daily occupations

occupations which had distinguished the Baron before.

Hogresten returned to his books, to find out some knight-errant more unfortunate than himself. And we need not add, that Madame Franzel was happy, and made happy her children, who always spoke of their ancestors with the gratitude due to them.

May all those who approve of the pictures I have drawn, receive as much satisfaction from those of their family, as did the fair Cecil from her's. The much-loved Franzel's conduct making
her

her thank heavⁿ that fhe descended
 from fuch an ill^ltrious and nume-
 rous race of Kinkvervankotsdarfpra-
 kengotchderns.

F I N I S.

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Craven, Elizabeth,

Modern Anecdote Of The Ancient Family Of The
Kinkervankotsdarsprakengotchderns A Tale For Christmas 1779 ; Dedicated
zo the Honoralble Horace Walpole

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